

THE ARTEL

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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It appears from the following, that Mrs. Hemans is a native of Wales. Her "Farewell" to her native land, which is found below, we consider one of her sweetest and most touching poems. Though of a different order from that of "Leaves have their time to Fall," yet it is as well fitted to sustain the brilliant reputation she has long possessed.

FAREWELL TO WALES.

The voice of thy streams in my spirit I bear,
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy halls, on thy hearths, on thy pure mountain
air,

On the strings of the harp, and the minstrel's
free hand!

From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
Whilst I leave thee, oh land of my home and my
dead!

I bless thee! yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the waves of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells
Of the bard and the warrior, the mighty of yore;
And not for the songs of those proud ages fled,
Green land, poet land, of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles under thy skies;
For thy peasant hearths burning, the stranger to
greet,

For thy soul that looks forth from thy children's
kind eyes!

May thy blessing, like sunshine, around thee be
spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my
dead!

ELEPHANTS TURNED NURSES.—One example of their sagacity was related to me by an officer of artillery, who witnessed the transaction.—The battering train going to the siege of Seringapatam had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled other rivers of the Peninsula, which have, during the dry season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quicksands. It happened that an artillery man, who was seated on the timber of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation that, in a second or two, the hind-wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was stationed, instantly, without any warning from its keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.—The attachment, or dislike of elephants to their keepers, according to the treatment they receive, is too well known to need illustration. I have myself seen the wife of a mohau (for the followers often take their families with them to camp) give a baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about, in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangle in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. If the child had crawled to such a distance as to verge

on the limits of his range (for the animal was chained by the leg to the ground,) he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible, to the spot whence it had started, and this without causing any alarm to the child, which appeared accustomed to the society and treatment of its Brobdignagian guardian. As we have great complaints of the carelessness of nursery-maids, might it not be a good spec to import elephants to supersede these giddy creatures?

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Mr. Elijah Barnes, of Pennsylvania, some years since, while at work in the field, killed a rattlesnake, and immediately after had occasion to return to the house, and took through mistake, his son's waistcoat and put it on. His son was but a youth, and the waistcoat of both father and son were made from the same piece of cloth. The weather being warm, the old gentleman did not attempt to button his waistcoat until he had arrived and seated himself in the house; when to his astonishment he found it much too small. Imagination now took wings, and he instantly conceived the idea, that he had been bitten, imperceptibly, by the snake, and was thus swollen from its poison. He grew suddenly ill, and took to his bed. The family, in confusion, as not a minute was to be lost, sent a messenger, post haste, for three physicians. The first that arrived poured down oil, the second drenched him with the juice of plantain, the third gave him freely the decoction of hoarhound. But, notwithstanding all these medicines, the patient grew worse every minute, until at length his son came home with his father's waistcoat dangling about him. The mystery was instantly unfolded, and notwithstanding the oil, plantain, and hoarhound, the patient was immediately restored to health, except a load on the stomach, and his frightful imaginations vanished "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in the bottom. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor; it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, waste, cries more, like Horseleech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it; not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interests should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare and happiness,

together with that of her children. This should be her soul aim; and the theatre of her exploits is in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he possibly can in the counting room or the workshop. It is not the money *earned* that makes a man wealthy: it is what he saved from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end at which she should aim; his approbation is her reward.—Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country.—'Yes,' said one of the party, 'it has been announced in one of the journals.' 'Ah,' said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, 'pray, in what terms?' 'Why as well as I can remember, in nearly the following: "There were last week seventy seven interments less than the week before." The doctor's neck was seen suddenly to shrink down, till his head nearly touched his shoulders: and shortly after he was missed from the saloon, to the no small diversion of the company.

CONGRESSIONAL ANECDOTE.—During Mr. Jefferson's administration, syrup was provided by the Capitol for the refreshment of the members of Congress. This was furnished and charged under the head of *stationery*. The National Intelligencer tells us, that a member who did not like the beverage, jocosely remarked, that he should be very glad if the officers of the house would provide a little whiskey for those who preferred, and charge it to the account of *fuel*.

The nest of an Ostrich, found in South Africa, by Mr. Broadbent, a Missionary: The eggs were forty-two in number, including the two which had been taken away before, and were arranged with great apparent exactness. Sixteen were arranged close together, in the middle of the nest, and on these the ostrich was sitting when we arrived; they were as many as she could cover. The remaining twenty-six were placed in a circle, about three or four feet from those in the middle. The eggs which were in the circle we found to be quite fresh, at which I expressed my surprise. The Hottentots informed me that these had been provided by the ostrich against the hatching of those in the middle, when she would break them, one after another, and give them to her young ones for food, and that by the time they were disposed of in this

manner, the young ostriches would be able to go abroad with their mother, and provide for them such things as the desert afforded. I have seen large flocks of these creatures in South Africa. The fact which I have just stated, relative to the preservation of a quantity of eggs for the subsistence of the young ones immediately after they are hatched, affords as striking an illustration of a superintending Providence, perhaps, as the whole circle of natural history.

Before the Wahaby conquest, it was a custom among the Asyr Arabs, to take their marriageable daughters, attired in their best clothes, to the public market, and there walk before them, to cry out, *Man yahter el aadera?* "Who will buy the virgin?" The match, sometimes previously settled, was always concluded in the market place; and no girl was permitted to marry in any other manner.

From the Boston Statesman.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Thrown back towards the Calabrian coast, the waters pass'd with impetuosity over the shore of Scilla, and in their retreat to the bosom of the deep, swept from its surface every individual who had thought to find safety in the barrenness of the sands. One abhorrent shriek uttered by the united voices of 4000 beings, thus suddenly snatched to eternity, re-echoed from the mountains.

Calmly the night came down
O'er Scilla's shatter'd walls;
How desolate that silent town!
How tenantless the halls,
Where yesterday her thousands trod,
And princes graced their proud abode!

Low on the wet sea sand,
Humbled in anguish now,
The despot,* midst his menial band,
Bent down his kingly brow—
Aye, prince and peasant knelt in prayer,
For grief had made them equal there.

Again!—as at the morn,
The earthquake roll'd its ear:
Lowly the castle-towers were borne,
That mock'd the storms of war—
The mountain reel'd!—its shiver'd brow
Went down among the waves below.

Up rose the kneelers then,
As the wave's rush was heard:
The s'lence of those fated men
Was broken by no word.
But closer still the mother prest
The infant to her faithful breast.

One long, wild shriek went up,
Full mighty in despair;
As bow'd to drink death's bitter cup,
The thousands gather'd there—
And man's strong wail, and woman's ery
Blent as the waters hurried by.

On swept the whelming sea—
The mountains felt the shock,
As the long ery of agony
Thrill'd thro' their towers of rock;
And echo round that fatal shore,
The death wail of the sufferers bore.

The morning sun shed forth
Its light upon the scene,
Where tower and palace strew'd the earth
With wrecks of what had been;
But of the thousands who were gone,
No trace was left—no vestige shown.

A UNIVERSAL EPITAPH.
Ye sympathetic souls—yes, heave that sigh,
For though I'm dead, I didn't mean to die!

SELECT TALES.

ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

It is known, as matter of history, that early in the settlement of Virginia, (1620,) about one hundred young females were sent from England to the Colony, to become the wives of the Colonists. The following story is founded on this singular historical incident:—Frank Cullemore is represented as a young English man, who, disappointed in his expectations of a rich inheritance, determined to try his fortune in Virginia. He entertained an opinion, common at that time, that there were rich mines in America; and that, in a few months, he would amass a fortune, and return to England. Disappointed in this calculation, he visits one of the oldest colonists, Andrew Bates, a respected and industrious settler, who informed young Cullemore that he came out with similar notions with him, about the gold he should gather in a short time, and return to England; but finding himself deceived, he still determined to remain. Bates was a bachelor, but did not mean to remain so long, for he had, he said, sent home to his old friend, the Treasurer of the "London Company," for a wife.

I pass over, as matters not pertaining to this story, the Indian alarms and skirmishes which occurred during the first year of Frank's residence in Virginia. I write merely a sketch, exhibiting some particular traits of his character, and incidents in his life, and make no pretensions to giving "a true and veracious historie of all his experiences." So suppose, reader, that the time has drawn near when the vessel, freighted as never ship was before or since, is expected by the colonists. We cannot realize the emotions such an event created. Not an individual belonging to the settlement but was interested in the arrival of the ships. Only think with what intense anxiety they must have been expected by those who were placed in a new world, with a wide ocean rolling between them and what they still considered their own dear land! And then, independently of the news—news, that in idea made every heart thrill with joy or grief—there were the real benefits which would accrue, and the wants which would be supplied. A vessel was not then, as now, freighted with one, or at most, with a few kinds of merchandise. It had all the variety that a country store, with an apothecary and a stationer's shop superadded, now exhibits. They seemed dependent on England for every thing. From thence came their laws, luxuries, clothing, arms, ornaments, books, medicine, furniture, and utensils. But all these things now lost their interest—to the men, I mean—in comparison with the living treasures which were expected.

At length, early one morning in June, 1620, a signal gun was heard, and shortly after, the vessel hove in sight. Never was such a trepidation manifested among the inhabitants of Jamestown: such washing—and combing—and brushing—and dressing! Every man that intended to appear at the landing, put on his best, and faces that usually wore the sternness of Ajax, tried to assume the smooth smile of Paris. Then it was, that the superiority of Frank Cullemore shone conspicuous. He had brought with him an elegant wardrobe, and arraying himself in a rich suit, which, as he had so lately come from London, was still in the pink of fashion, he walked down to the shore, and purposely stationed himself very near Andrew Bates. That worthy had done his best to look the agreeable in the eyes of his expected mistress. He had, in his young days, been a dashing beau, but his long exposure to the wear and tear of life in the woods had led him to regard clothing merely as a defence, which was valuable only in proportion to its strength and durability. True, he had ordered a new suit to be sent over for his wedding array—but it was in the vessel that contained his bride; nor would the circumstance have given him a moment's uneasiness, had he not felt a rising jealousy while looking at Frank. A boat dispatched from the vessel was welcomed with loud cheers; and the letters, among which Andrew Bates had one, were distributed.

"You are a happy man, Mr. Bates, if I may judge by your countenance," said Frank—"do you tell your news?"

"Yes, sir, yes—there are an hundred young maidens in yonder vessel!"

"A hundred for you! Why, are you intending to turn Turk?"

"There is only one for me, sir—as you well know. One for me! But they tell me she is a lovely one—Eleanor Bliss is her name;" and again he examined his letter. "I like her name: Bliss—Bates—both begin with the same letter. A good omen—I like her name."

"Perhaps she may like it too, and not wish to change it; or perhaps, she may fancy some other letter to begin with—C for instance."

Andrew Bates here started up: his countenance expressed chagrin, perplexity, and fear, while, in his peculiar language, he poured forth his threats against any one who should dare attempt to supplant him in the lady's affections. As Frank still continued his railing, it is impossible to say how the affair would then have terminated, had not the vessel approached so near as to draw the attention of all the parties.

The whole transaction, respecting the coming over of these young women, has an air of fiction, and is among the few circumstances in the early annals of America, that may be termed the romance of our history. The London Company had found that all attempts to draw profits from their colony were idle, unless means could be devised to bind the roving spirit of the adventurers to their new country as their home. The Spaniards of South America, and the French in Canada, often intermarried with the natives; but Englishmen, alike from pride, prejudice, and principle, revolted from such alliances. There was, then, no means of establishing the household ties, but by encouraging the planters to return to England, and select their partners—a very doubtful policy—or sending over some young maidens, to share the prosperity which then began to be no longer doubtful. The latter scheme was advocated warmly by the Treasurer; probably in consequence of Andrew Bates' epistle; and accordingly, a number of young females were selected, with strict reference to excellence of character, and, so far as possible, personal appearance; but wealth, that grand desideratum in modern matches, formed no item in their recommendations. They were to be received and provided for by the governor, Sir George Yearly; and should they be dissatisfied, and wish to return, they were to be re-conveyed to England at the expense of the company.

"Few will wish to return," said the Treasurer.

Had he seen the enthusiasm with which their arrival was greeted, he would have added, that not one would willingly be suffered to return. Yet the exultation of the men was restrained by that respect which the presence of virtuous women never fails to inspire in the hearts of civilized christians. Not a shout, hardly a loud word, was heard among the assembled crowd, while the maidens were disembarking, and passing from the vessel to the shore. The young men, it is true, were active to facilitate the landing of these fair ones, without exposing them to the danger even of a wet foot; but this gallantry called forth no token of approbation, hardly of notice, from an individual among the ladies. With downcast or averted eyes, and cheeks alternately pale and crimson, they advanced, and were greeted by the Governor and wife, and several elderly women, wives of the most respectable settlers, in whose families they were to reside. The new comers were all possessed of the charms of youth and health—many of them were pretty, and a few very beautiful. Cupid never had such a triumph since he first drew his bow, for more than fifty of the young men fell desperately in love: it was the real love, at first sight—but then it proved more rational and sincere than such a passion usually does. In short, the six following weeks were occupied with rejoicings and weddings—all the young women, excepting one, being married in that space of time. Many of the fair maidens objected to this haste; but their lovers were so importunate—represented the bachelor condition, to which they had so long

been doomed, as miserable beyond endurance—they had no domestic friends, companions, &c.—and so, each "won his Genevieve;" and those men, many of them apparently rude and unreflecting, made kind and provident husbands.

But one of those fair damsels still remained in single blessedness, not for lack of lovers, but for the same reason that many ladies nowadays remain unmarried—because she did not have an offer to her mind. This was Miss Eleanor Bliss, who had made no demur at rejecting honest Andrew, house, land, and all. It was a terrible disappointment to him—worse because his expectations had been known, and were now by many ridiculed. He shared the fate of many a crafty projector, that of seeing others made happy by a scheme he had devised solely for his own benefit. None but a philanthropist can feel wholly resigned to such a disappointment; and Andrew, I am sorry to say, it did not conduct himself like a philanthropist.

He was especially enraged with Frank Cullemore, whom he accused of supplanting him in the affections of Eleanor Bliss. The truth was, Eleanor had been a reigning belle in some of the first circles of the metropolis, and being rich, and a little inclined to coquetry, she had rejected lovers by the dozen; but unluckily, her banker failed, absconded, and she found herself five-and-twenty and penniless! Her suitors drew off—she said farewell to them cheerfully; friends, who had formerly flattered, began to advise—she said farewell to them uncomplainingly; but at last, a relative, whom she had assisted in various trying difficulties, and on whom she thought she might depend, assumed the dictatorship, threatening to turn her out of her house unless she consented to wed an old, decrepit, worthless wretch, who had no recommendation on earth save his wealth. It was then that Eleanor, disgusted with the heartlessness and selfishness of the old world, determined to seek her fortune in the new. She was handsome, sensible, agreeable, and good-humored—only, she had high-spirited independence, which, if opposed by what she deemed unjust arguments or reproaches, became obstinacy. She was well acquainted with Sir Edwin Sandys, Treasurer of the London Company: to him she communicated her plans; and he, knowing her taste and temper, had named her to Andrew Bates, as one who would make him an excellent and charming wife, merely to give the Governor's family, to whose care she was especially recommended, a little amusement. Andrew had taken it all in earnest; and insisted that the encouragement he had received was a contract of matrimony, and he was ready to fulfil his stipulations to the Treasurer. But Eleanor would listen to none of his reasoning on the subject, though she willingly listened to all Frank Cullemore's witticisms concerning it. There was good reason for this. Frank was a gentleman: and moreover, though they had never met in London, they had heard of each other, they knew the same people, had been to the same fashionable places, &c.—in short, they were delighted to meet. They found the climate of the new world as propitious to the growth of friendship as tobacco. There was something absolutely enchanting in being permitted to throw aside formal etiquette, while they retained all the polish of high life. They had become better acquainted with each other in six weeks spent in Virginia, than they would have been in England in as many years. Eleanor's heart began to feel quite interested in the decision Frank was about making—namely, whether he should return to Europe that season, or wait till the following spring. He believed it best to go immediately; yet, at times, he was very reluctant to leave Eleanor. An unexpected event determined the course of his future life differently from what his plans had ever proposed.

In one of his morning rambles, he encountered, at a little distance from the settlement, Bates, with one of his friends, a stout raganufin, who had agreed to assist him, if necessary, in giving Frank Cullemore a hearty thrashing. Andrew opened the battery by some very sneering remarks on the frequency of Frank's visits to Eleanor: these were replied to with a

causticity of ridicule which provoked Andrew to begin the assault, when he had calculated to keep the windy side of the law, and only "bite his thumb." But enraged, he forgot his caution, called Frank a villain, struck his hat from his head, and then putting himself in an attitude of boxing, dared his foe to come on.

Frank coolly adjusted his hat, took from his pocket a pair of pistols, and calmly told Andrew that, being himself a gentleman, he could not descend to fight like a blackguard, but that he was ready to give him satisfaction with sword or pistol, and he might take his choice of the weapons before him, adding, "You shall either ask my pardon, or fight me in this way, or I will shoot you on the spot, and I presume this gentleman here will say I am fair."

The man, proud to be addressed as a gentleman, agreed it was very fair.

Andrew had forgotten the sword exercise, but from a knowledge of fire-arms he could not excuse himself. In short, the preliminaries were settled—the combatants took their stations; the man, who acted as an impartial second to both parties, was to give the word when he had counted ten. He began. Andrew was as brave as a lion when opposed to Indians in the woods, and he would have cared little had he known half a dozen guns were pointed at him, could he have been sheltered behind a tree, or crouched beneath a rock—but to stand erect, stiff as a poker, without even winking, and allow himself to be shot at, was quite another affair. He had almost necessarily imbibed the idea, that any stratagem was fair against an enemy—but he chose an injudicious occasion for the practice of his theory. He was not like Bacon, Milton, Columbus, and some other worthies, one step in advance of his age; and our modern duelists, who have the advantage of studying at their leisure the improved and important code of honor, in all its polite and particular requirements, should be very lenient in condemning his ignorant interpretation of the said honor, which was to take care of himself.

In obedience to this law of self-preservation, he hesitated not to take advantage of the interval of counting; and to fire his pistol, aimed directly at Frank's face, hurl the weapon at him, and sink nearly flat on the ground, was the work of a moment! Frank was holding his pistol aimed at Andrew's knee, for it was not his intention to take his life, at the moment he felt his antagonist's ball graze his temple: he fired—Andrew was then sinking to the earth—and the ball that ought to have shattered his knee, entered his shoulder, and lodged against the collar-bone.

The report of the fire-arms brought a number of men to the spot. Andrew was borne off, lamenting loudly his fate; and Frank, without any complaint, submitted to be taken into custody. But on the trial, so many extenuating circumstances appeared in his favor—he had behaved, on the whole, honorably and bravely, and Andrew had shown himself such an arrant knave, to say nothing of his cowardice—that Frank was acquitted. As every one thought the duel had originated in Frank's partiality for Miss Eleanor Bliss, he felt himself that she might have the same expectations; so, to keep up the reputation of an honorable man, he immediately offered her his hand. He certainly liked her; but it is doubtful whether he would ever have married her, had he not been involved in the quarrel on her account, because his marriage also involved the necessity of remaining in Virginia, as neither he nor his wife possessed the means of living in London. But they married, he turned planter, and soon began to acquire property; and moreover, had the satisfaction of knowing they were at the head of the ton in the new world.

Poor Andrew never could regain his credit, notwithstanding he urged as an excuse for his ungallant conduct, that he was taken unawares by the challenge—"he did not know what he did." All was vain—he was a standing jest—and to console or revenge himself, he turned woman-hater. Poor Andrew!

The termination of that first duel at the south was so different from the first one fought at the north, where the combatants were both of low degree, and both sentenced to a ludicrous and degrading punishment, that we may reasonably conclude much of the difference of o-

pinion between the two sections of our country, respecting the necessity and honor of deciding quarrels by the single combat, must have originated in those early impressions and prejudices.

POETRY.

In noticing the literary remains of Henry Neele, we omitted to give a specimen of his poetry which we now supply.

THE CRUSADES' SONG. "Remember the Holy Sepulchre."

Forget the land which gave ye birth;
Forget the womb that bore ye;
Forget each much-loved spot of earth;
Forget each dream of glory;
Forget the friends that by your side,
Stood firm as oaks unbroken;
Forget the late affianced bride,
And every dear love token;
Forget the hope that in each breast
Glowed like a smouldering ember;
But still, the Holy Sepulchre,
Remember! Oh, remember!

Remember all the vows ye've sworn
At holy Becket's Altar;
Remember all the ills ye've borne,
And scorned to shrink or falter;
Remember every laurelled field,
Which saw the Crescent waving;
Remember when compelled to yield,
Uncrowned numbers braving;
Remember over these, remember too
The cause ye strive for, ever;
The Cross! the Holy Sepulchre!
Forget,—forget them never!

By Him who in th' Sepulchre
Was laid in Death's cold keeping;
By Her who bore, who reared Him, Her
Who by that Cross set us ping;
By those whose blood so oft has bled
Revenge for souls unshaven!
By those whose sacred precepts guide
The path to yonder Heaven!
From youth to age, from morn to eve,
From Spring-tide to December;
The Holy Sepulchre of Christ,
Remember! Oh, remember!

Mrs. HEMANS really seems to improve upon herself. She writes better than she did three years ago—that is, her productions are characterized by a more uniform excellence than those of an earlier date. They find ready access to all the standard foreign publications, and are thence transferred into our newspapers, though we think too little dissemination is observed in giving currency to the inferior ones. From the April number of Blackwood's Magazine, we select the following, founded upon Tudor's Letters on America. It is every way worthy of Mrs. HEMANS's extended fame.

A striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the State, and fixed himself in a new township where a number of Indians were settled. Though not ill-treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown on the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly after, he gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians."

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

In the silence of the midnight,
I journey with the dead;
In the darkness of the forest boughs,
A lonely path I tread.
But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain eagle hath not pumme
So strong as love and scorn.
I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defined;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child!
I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where stately foot-steps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.
And the rocking pines made answer—
Go, bring us back thine own!
And the streams from all the hunters' hills,
Bush'd with an echoing tone.
Thou shalt rest by sounding waters,
That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of those chainless ones
Will joy shall fill thy soul.
In the silence of the midnight,
I journey with the dead;
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon-flight have sped.
I have left the spoiler's dwellings
For evermore behind;

Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.
Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay;
Uncheer'd I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.
When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say—"A friend is near?"
There was none! Pale race, farewell!
To the forests—to the cedars—
To the warrior, and his bow—
Back, back! I bore thee laughing thence—
I bear thee slumbering now!
I bear him unto burial
With the mighty buriers gone:
I shall bear thee in the forest breeze—
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!
In the silence of the midnight,
I journey with the dead;
My heart is strong, my step is fleet—
My father's path I tread.

Wavering, through the crystal deep,
Till their wonted splendors haunted
Those shut eye-lids in their sleep,
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled through his raven hair;
But the sleep that knows no dreaming
Bound him in silence there.
So we left him; and to tell thee,
Of our sorrow and thy own—
Of the wo that then beset thee—
Came we weary and alone!
That thine eye is quickly shaded—
That thy heart's blood wildly flows—
That thy cheeks' clear blood is faded—
Are the fruits of these new woes?
Children—whose meek eyes inquiring,
Linger on your mother's face—
Know ye, that she is expiring?
That ye are an orphan race?
God be with you on the morrow!
Father, mother—both no more!
One within a grave of sorrow—
One upon the ocean's floor!

MISCELLANY.

The Columbian Star, of this city, frequently contains the effusions of a writer under the signature of "C," remarkable for their genuine poetic merit. The subjoined poem, from a late number of that paper, we recommend to the attention of our readers. We fancy that we recognize the hand of one to whom no small measure of deserved applause has been awarded; and we congratulate the Editor of the Star on this accession to the uniform excellence of his paper.

TO THE OCEAN.

Wild and restless tide, whose ebb and flow
Booms above thousands that have sunk to rest,
In thy dark mazes folded, long ago—
Cast on thy heaving and inconstant breast!
Wild shrieks, and loud, from tremulous despair,
Have o'er thy caverns pierced the sullen air.
Deep midnight's gloom hath witnessed the dismay
Of the lone travellers on thy tossing foam,
When sad thought wanders from the storm away,
The seaman's blessing to his distant home—
When the loud surges wild were murmuring—
When the storm-spirit waved his dusky wing!
How oft hath Sorrow poured a voice of wail
Amidst thy thund'reng, thou mysterious deep!
Lost were its echoes in the sounding gale—
Unmark'd the burning tears that love might weep.
Then none the pallid brow of fear could see,
Save by the lightning's gleam, o'er dark waves, bounding
What, though bright pearls are in thy silent caves,
Gleaming, but not in sun-light—for his ray
Pours not its splendors on their twiling graves—
Where the dim shoals of gliding monsters play?
What, though the coral and the robes lie
In thy far depths, thou wild immensity?

What, though the gold of Ophir gem the sand,
And gorgeous shells lie glittering in thy breast—
Agate and amber, from the diamond land?
There may their richness and their splendor rest!
Dim, Egyp-gloom, enshruns their glory now,
And o'er them spreads thy wild unceasing flow!
Ah! other pearls have to thy courts been given:
Bright, beaming eyes, that diamonds out-shone—
Pure as the azure of a summer heaven—
Clearer than sapphire, that thy waves have won!
Thou hast thy rubies; but the faded d—ad—
Oh, what are they but pearls remembered!
The onyx slumbers 'neath thy restless tide—
Its rays beam dimly in the stillness there;
And buds of youth cut off, in Being's pride;
While half their treasures undiscover'd were,
Hearts that were mines of tenderness, more pure than gold;
Who may thy tales, thou stormy deep, unfold?

How has the bleeding heart above thee pour'd

Loud prayers to him who rules thy reckless flow,

While through lone ether wild thy whirlwinds roar'd,

And wreath'd thy mountains vast their foam below!

Love, faded love, is in thy warring breast—

Give ye its ashes back to peaceful rest!

Let sighing friendship plant the eypress shades

O'er kindred tombs, on the green quiet land,

Where the night breezes, from the wood arcades,

Come with their influence, and their whispers bland—

Let trusting sorrow nurse the yew by them!

Let young affection pour its requiem!

From Willis's American Monthly Magazine.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

Wife—who, in thy deep devotion,
Puttest up a prayer for one
Sailing on the stormy ocean—
Here no more—his course is done!
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,
That he slumbers by thy side;
For his corpse, beneath the bellow,
Heavyeth with the restless tide.
Children who, as sweet flowers growing,
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—
Know ye, many are throwing
Shadows on your site's remains?
Where the hoarse, grey surge is rolling,
With a mountain's motion on—
Dream ye, that its voice is tolling
For your father, lost and gone?
When the sun look'd on the water,
As a hero on his grave,
Tinging with the hue of slaughter
Every blue and leaping wave;
Under the majestic ocean—
Where the giant current roll'd—
Slept thy sire, without emotion,
Sweetly by a beam of gold.
And the violent sun-beams slanted,

have any quarrel. I remember a man who underwent a dry beating from his adversary, and called him an Anabaptist rascal ever afterwards. Would it not have been more appropriately said, if he had suffered a ducking from him?

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.—Shakespeare.

An Irish gentleman of the name of Man, residing near a private mad-house, met one of its poor inhabitants, who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, 'Who are you, Sir?' The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied, 'I am a double man, I am man by name and man by nature.' 'Are you so,' rejoined the other, 'why I am a man beside myself, so we two will fight you two.' He then knocked poor Mr. Man down, and ran away.

Mr. Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer, who had been in the same regiment; the latter was happy to meet an old messmate, but his Scotch blood made him ashamed to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him very seriously, 'How could you disgrace the corps, by turning play-actor?' Bensley replied, that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people. 'And what, maun,' said Sawney, 'do you get by this businss o' yours?' 'I now,' answered Bensley, 'get about a thousand a-year!' 'A thousand a-year!' exclaimed the astonished Scotchman, 'hæ you ony vacancies in your corps?'

There are men, often of inaccurate mind, but fond of talk, and when their memories fail, they borrow of their imaginations. A shepherd lad told his master that he had seen a hundred and five crows in one of his fields. 'You cannot count so many,' replied the farmer. 'Possibly not,' replied the boy, 'but I counted five, and I dare say there were an hundred beside.'

Bentley, in a note on the 4th book of Paradise Lost, is surprised that Milton, in his description of Adam, should omit his beard. Newton imagines it was because the painters never represent our first parent with one. But neither the critic nor the good bishop were aware of the ignominy which the beard of man lies under. Helmont gravely asserts, that Adam was created an handsome young man, without a beard; but that his face was afterwards degraded with hair, like the beasts, for his disobedience; and Eve, being less guilty, was permitted to retain her smooth face. The fantastic philosopher also adds this extraordinary remark, that, if an angel appears with a beard, you may depend upon it that he is an evil one, for no good angel ever wore a beard.

Dull men do well in society. They cement the various characters, and keep them close together, as they never raise suspicions of exerting finesse to effect their purposes. Lead, the heaviest of metals, is made use of to join together and solder the varieties of metals which require an ornament superior to what lead itself could aspire to.

Repartee is the highest order of wit: it implies presence of mind combined with vivid exercise of genius. For example, Voltaire extolling Haller to a common friend, that friend observed that it was more generous in Voltaire because Haller spoke ill of him. 'Never mind,' says Voltaire, 'perhaps we are both mistaken.' Thus, too, Lord Chatham having desired the peers to look at Lord Mansfield, the latter inquired 'how the noble lord would have him look?' 'I would have him look (said Chatham) as he could not if he would, as he would not if he could—I would have him look like an honest man.'

Men are very apt to abuse the religious opinions of those with whom they chance to

ORIGINAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA—NO. 3.

A Day in the Steeple continued.—The demands of appetite being satisfied, we must again resume our station, and spy out some more of the diurnal features of this great Babylon. To the North of west is a small spire which, by its gaudy covering and tinted bells, hung all round it, purports to be a Chinese Pagoda; but if the tea-nation has no more taste than is here exhibited, it must be some centuries before they can anticipate to rival the classical beauties of even this youthful country. As you see at a glance, it is stuck down in the immediate vicinity of the water-works and the Penitentiary—we wonder its projector had not placed it *inside* of the latter, for though the view is somewhat extensive from its top, the building itself, to say nothing of its architect, ought to be *confined*. The Penitentiary, you see, is not quite finished, but its granite walls indicate anything but *escape* to its future inmates. Woe be to the wretch whose sentence shall immure him within the dungeon-keep of the cells devoted to solitary confinement; he will be incarcerated alive, where but little light, and the stillness of the grave may afford him opportunities of repentance. The experiment is now happily about to be tried, whether the human mind can bear confinement, away from its fellows, and far be it from me to throw a straw in the way of its success; however much the opponents of the system may have felt disposed to condemn it, there are none, I trust, who will not willingly lend their sanction and aid, when upon the fullest experiment it shall be found to be the best. Time, who develops wonderful improvements in the state of society, and the management of diseases, as well mental as physical, will be now brought to test this disputed point. A little to the south is situated the city water-works, the proudest monument our corporation have to boast of; and one which, by universal suffrage of all parties, strangers, as well as citizens, we are privileged to boast of. When we place it before every other advantage of our locality, and a thousand times beyond the New York Battery, we have the suffrages of every housekeeper who has witnessed its beneficial and healthful effects and convenience. The one arched bridge which you see spanning the Schuylkill at this point, is the longest arch in the world; though not over beautiful, since the loss of its top. It forms an interesting object in the landscape, and if unproductive to its stockholders, is a great convenience to the public. Passing along the banks of the Schuylkill, we will skip the improvements made there, and after a glance at the Permanent Bridge, and a bird's-eye view of the new naval asylum, near Gray's Ferry bridge, return to the precincts of the city. Yonder is the Pennsylvania Hospital, so celebrated for its cleanliness and excellent management. It has within its walls many cases of insanity, the particulars of whose aberrations would fill a volume, and be a fruitful theme for reflection. We must leave its inmates to struggle with their bodily and imaginary sufferings as well as they can, and glancing at the Alms House, and Deaf and Dumb Asylum, particularize some of the buildings which are more within sight. The State House, with its new steeple, attracts the spectator's attention, and recalls the memory of a deed which will be preserved by man as long as any of his race are free, and the author of which earned by this production, an imperishable fame. The building where was signed the "Declaration of Independence," should be enclosed in marble, and consecrated by solemn usages to the Goddess of Liberty. When it was erected, it was quite out of town, and its location pointed out to the traveller by a few remarkably fine Walnut trees, which reared their gigantic heads above the topmost walls. Now it is apparently the centre of the city. Beyond is the newly opened Washington square, where the belles and the beaux are walking off the fatigues of the day, and whispering soft things for mutual delight. The Walnut Street Prison frowns upon the passing citizen to the eastward, and admonishes us of the effect of crime, while to the west are exhibited long

and increasing avenues of new and elegant mansions, interspersed with churches and new meeting-houses. The steeple just noticed on the State House, and one in Arch street, above Tenth, are all the buildings of this description we can boast, strongly indicating our unaspiring disposition. Yonder is the glass roof of the Arcade, to which a stranger should never be taken, except it be to see the Museum, without the support of which institution, I strongly suspect it would fall to the ground. Its shops are nearly all "*to let*," forming a melancholy picture to the passenger who is obliged to visit its precincts. What is to be done with it, is a question which I believe puzzles the stockholders much more than the public.—Almost contiguous is the roof of the Chestnut Street Theatre, which, owing to the increase of buildings of this description, is going on but poorly. Opposite is the new fantastical store of Loud & Brothers, manufacturers of pianos, bulging into the street like a fat landlady going to market. Below is the Sunday School Union's extensive buildings, and the Mercantile Library, with their marble fronts. I could describe for a week, did my limits allow, but must leave sundry and divers important matters and things, for a walk on terra firma. The Watchman is lighting his lamps in the streets below, and warns me to descend, before which operation I must make a single reflection, and leave my reader to enjoy *a view from the steeple* at his own convenience. Here have I been a whole day, a mere "looker on in Venice," but how very few and simple have been my wants!—Why should I descend to the toil and labor which my fellow mortals are undergoing, when a single bottle of ale and a few crackers have served amply for the sustenance of a day?

Revolutionary Officers.—We return our thanks to the gentleman who has favoured us with the following article, and should be pleased to hear again from him.—Editor.

FOR THE ARIEL.

DEATH OF DE KALB.

This good man, who was a Major General in the American army during the Revolutionary war, and a Brigadier General in the army of France, was by birth a German, and a brave and meritorious officer. He arrived at New York on the 16th of April, 1776, with strong recommendations to Congress, and claiming no rank, only requested to enter as a volunteer, to render such service as he was able to perform for the cause of American Independence. He was very soon appointed a Major General, and was in all the principal battles with Washington, and received orders from Congress to go with General Gates to the Southern States, in order to drive the British, under Lord Cornwallis, from that quarter. The army under Gates at this time was composed of two-thirds militia, who had never been in an engagement, and very poorly supplied with arms and clothing. Lord Rawdon being posted at Camden, S. C. and Cornwallis at Georgetown, the American commander, after some deliberation, determined to approach the enemy, and to risk a battle. The Americans set out at 2 o'clock at night, intending to surprise Lord Rawdon's division, who, as fate would have it, commenced his march at the same time with the intention of surprising the Americans. They soon met, and after a brisk firing, which was kept up some time, a retreat was ordered, that the dispute might be settled by day-light. De Kalb had the command of the right wing, which was composed of Delaware and Maryland continental infantry. When morning came, the drums and fifes played to arms, the cannon roared, and every

appearance was presented of a desperate engagement. But the enemy advancing, the raw militia, scarcely awaiting to give them a distant fire, threw down their guns and fled. General Gates pursued, as he said, to bring them back; he found no Americans but De Kalb and the brave men under his command, who having rallied, determined to die like men. He received six wounds before he ordered his men to charge, when his voice rising to the highest pitch, and his visage glowing with revenge, he parried a fixed bayonet of a British Grenadier, sunk his valiant sword in his breast, and drawing the reckoning weapon from the lifeless body, dealt death at every blow. At one time he was surrounded by 12 or 15 men, but fought his way out; he now received the point of a bayonet in his side, and falling, was pierced with four more wounds. In this situation he still continued to cheer and encourage his men, but being overpowered, he was surrounded by British officers, who prevented any further injury to his person. After their leader was made prisoner, the Continentals surrendered their artillery and baggage into the enemy's hands. The brave De Kalb survived the engagement but three days. His last hour was spent in writing to a friend, and recounting the bravery of the Continental troops. Shaking hands with all his men who came into his room, he told them he was going to a land where he should find no enemies, and closing his eyes, he expired without a groan or a struggle.

HENRY.

LITERARY.

We return our thanks to the gentleman who kindly presented us with a neat little volume, called the *Ladies' Lexicon*. We shall endeavor to peruse it, and in the mean time make use of the labors of a brother editor, who thus notices it:—

"*LADIES' LEXICON.*—With the modest title of *Ladies' Lexicon*, Mr. Grigg has just published a neat little volume, prepared for the press by Mr. Grimshaw of this city. The *Ladies' Lexicon* contains, in addition to the usual definition of words, the plural number of all the nouns and the corresponding adjective—and such other words as are derived therefrom. The verbs have added to their explanation, the present and past participle and abstract noun.

The advantages of such a volume are too obvious to need notice; our object in referring to this work is to state its existence. Inconvenience is daily felt by those who are not at home in the rules of grammar; the want of a knowledge of which, this book is intended to supply. No one in ten, in the hurry of composition, can tell whether *worshiping* or *worshipping*—whether *biasing* or *bias*—is correct. These and a thousand other nameless ills, to which the writer is heir, are all remedied, and the way for correct and uniform orthography made obvious.

With these notices we recommend the *Ladies' Lexicon* as a work of much utility and convenience, admirably adapted to satisfy frequent inquiries of school writers, and especially calculated to be serviceable to school classes. Mr. Grigg has published the work with his usual liberality, in handsome paper, beautiful type, and neat binding."

The Editors of the *Literary Casket*, at Yellow Springs, state that their subscription list will soon have to be measured with a ten foot pole. We are glad of it; our own has grown beyond such a small measure—it reaches now from Louisiana to Canada, and should it continue to go on, must soon penetrate Patagonia and the Russian frontiers. We have some apprehensions that the *collections* would be poor at the seat of war, and have prudently deter-

mined to confine ourselves to Europe and America. Asia is rather far off, and Africa too illiterate.

The *Religious Magazine*, for May, by E. Litell, is unusually interesting and valuable. Its ample pages are filled with matter of a more attractive, but still appropriate character, among which may be mentioned a notice of Dr. Dwight's recently published sermons, and a delightful poem from the pen of Bernard Barton. There are several lighter articles sprinkled through the number, which serve to refresh the reader, in turning from those of a more abstruse and profound order.—While so pleasing an alteration of "grave to gay" is preserved through future numbers, the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon the Magazine cannot fail to increase, especially when assisted by the beautiful typographical style in which it is issued.

The *Museum* also, for May, possesses many attractions for the literary reader. No less than about forty articles are crowded into the present number, in very small type, and in a style which, for beauty and simplicity, very far exceeds any English periodical of the kind. From the crowd of sterling publications put forth from the English press, the *Museum* is made up—the editor selecting with a judicious taste, the choicest flowers from that paradise of literature, thus furnishing to his countrymen a monthly magazine, whose merits cannot be surpassed by any similar American work. We are gratified to learn that the *Museum* continues to receive a liberal patronage. We can conscientiously recommend it to the public, and to our friends in particular, as a work with which the most fastidious bookworm cannot fail to be pleased.

Literary.—We have been favored with the permission of a portion of Sir Walter Scott's new novel, *Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist*, which is in the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey. The scene lies principally in Switzerland. We are of opinion that this novel will be classed among the best productions of the author, and assist in redeeming his genius from the *mist* under which, it cannot be denied, some of his late productions have thrown it. In the work before us, the author seems to have renewed his youth, and to have spread a repast for the literary gourmand, from which he will not be likely to rise with a surfeit.

From our English magazines for April, we glean the following items of literary intelligence:

A work of unusual interest is announced, under the title of "Letters from Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, &c. by R. R. Madden, Esq." The author is a physician, and has been sojourning for four years in these countries.

Lord King is engaged in preparing for publication the "Life of John Locke," compiled from the original papers and MSS. of that celebrated philosopher.

Much interest is excited in the religious world respecting the forthcoming work, entitled, "The Sectarian, or the Church and the Meeting." It will appear immediately.

The distinguished author of *Bramble House*, Zillah, &c. has a new novel in considerable favor, wardens, of a humorous kind, called "The New Forest."

The author of Hungarian Tales has just ready for publication "Romances of Real Life," in 3 volumes.

The 2d volume of Mr. Atherstone's Poem, "The Siege of Nineveh," is on the eve of publication.

Mr. David Wire is collecting materials for a "History of Whitfield and his Contemporaries."

We give a single passage from the first canto of the *Rivals of Este*, as a specimen; illustrating with a series of striking images the state of a mind that has cast by all but the better hopes of our nature, and placed its only good in the gratification of a single malevolent passion.

Few—rather say to one was given,
Worship that might have challenged Heaven.
Many a year had darkly flown,
Since sorrow made that heart its own;
And in its bitterness congealed.

The first wild storm had passed away,
But traces, deeply wrought, revealed
How desolating was its sway.
'Twas not the land-scape tempest-swept
Where beauty in each ruin slept,
Till sunbeam and the summer-rain
Should bid it all re-bloom again;
But one wide desolated waste,

Whereon no living, lovely thing,
Even, though withered might be traced
In promise of a second spring:
Fit dwelling for the scorpion
Revenge, to breathe and riot on:
Fit, while the deep and deadly sting
Of baffled love was festering.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30.

Building.—We are sometimes at a loss to account for a probable source from whence the numerous families come, who fill our new brick houses as rapidly as they are completed, and at rents, too, which would have startled our ancestors. We presume the source must be the natural increase of population, and emigration. Philadelphia has so many local conveniences and comforts, that it has become the stopping place of a great number of wealthy families from the southern states, who find here the means of amusement, and of health, with good schools for their children. This influx of strangers has produced the effect which we are all feeling, more or less, of high rents, and encourages the active mechanics to proceed in their labours. The number of houses begun this spring is not less, we believe, than during the two preceding seasons; new blocks, and even streets, are running up with rapid strides, and promise to continue this city one of the largest in the Union. In common with thousands of our fellow-citizens, we take a pride in viewing these evidences of our prosperity, and trust they may long continue. When our Breakwater and Canals are completed, we look forward with confidence to the increased business which must necessarily result: a healthy location, virtuous and enterprising citizens, with the acknowledged capital possessed within our borders, Philadelphia must become the centre of attraction, and may yet some day be the *Capital of the Union*, as she ought to have been by all fair rules. We may never live to see it; but it is no vain boast to believe the attractions she possesses may sometime bring about a resolution of Congress, "devoutly to be wished" by us as Philadelphians, and by many a Congressman too, who feels the necessity of a better market and accommodation than Washington affords.

The New-York Journal of Commerce expresses its surprise at the objections which have been raised by an Editor of this city, against the incipient efforts for the promotion of education in Greece, and says: "The same argument would have applied with equal force to the plan for relieving the physical wants of Greece, and was actually arrayed against the effort by certain inhabitants of Providence, who were answered as we hope those will be who oppose this new enterprise, on the ground that 'charity begins at home.' We will give the anecdote as it was published in the papers at the time."

THE POEM AT HOME.—It is frequently urged that we have so many who are ignorant and needy in the midst of us, that we ought not to send our charities abroad. Those who make this excuse were never answered in a more handsome style than by the ladies of Providence. They had made up garments for the Greeks valued at about \$1600. Having closed their labors, they published a Card, informing those ladies and gentlemen who had declined assisting the Greeks on account of having so many poor at home, that they were now ready to make up into clothing, for the poor and needy of Providence, all the cloth which they would furnish for that purpose. They assembled at the time appointed, but not a yard of cloth had been furnished.

Most of our readers are no doubt aware of the discussion which has been carried on between the celebrated Mr. Owen and a Mr. Campbell, at Cincinnati, Ohio, respecting the Christian Religion. Mr. Owen, it would appear, has come off from the contest without his anticipated laurels.—The Cincinnati Crisis furnishes some interesting particulars of the dispute, and among them we have deemed the following highly interesting, as exhibiting the light in which the controversy was regarded by the great body of the audience. We should remark, however, that another account we have seen, states the number of persons present at about 600.

"At the close of the debate, Mr. C. stated, that whereas there had been, during the discussion, such insulting and indignant reflections cast upon

the Christian Religion, and those who are public teachers of it, without exciting any expressions of disapprobation from the audience, that he felt anxious, as the report of the meeting would be spread, probably over all the civilized Globe, that it should be stated from what motives those feelings were suppressed; whether it was from the charity and forbearance which the Christian doctrine inculcates on mankind, or whether the audience entirely consisted of Infidels, or persons opposed to the dissemination of Christianity. To prove this, he desired that all who were actuated in their conduct by the former of those causes, would signify it by standing up; when almost the whole audience, consisting of probably 2000 persons, arose. He then requested them to be seated, and that all those who had been influenced by the other reason, would stand up, when he could not count more than four."

Beauties of the Press.—We have often beheld in silent marvel, the fanciful devices which adorn the columns of sundry of our editorial brethren. As the fresh sheet is gently unfolded, the brilliant lights and shades which its dampness gives to the fanciful wood-cuts that figure and curvet upon it, we have hazarded many random wagers at the infinite satisfaction which the party-colored paper must afford to every urchin, into whose destructive gripe the luckless folio might fall. Nay, we have even fancied to ourselves the antiquated grandam, with spectacles on nose, gazing in mute wonder at the caricatures of horses and apple orchards—a propensity very common, by the way, to all veteran newspaper readers)—having first boldly conquered every marriage, death, fire, and murder, in the whole paper; and perhaps, having resolutely attacked a two-column article from the Ariel or Bulletin, winding up with—reading the advertisements!

We commend the *Auburn Free Press* to especial favor. Verily, there is not a more entertaining paper (besides our own) in the whole country. "Wood-cuts adorn it, and the Muses smile graciously upon it." Its very clever editor has stumbled into every cranny of the type-foundry, in search of something to illustrate advertisements of all sorts; and with how much success, let his weekly sheet bear witness. It lies before us—we have pinned it to the wall, wide open, and we mean to *paste* it there—a beautiful memento of the taste of Stereotypers and Editors! From placing an *apple-tree* to draw attention to a sale of *land*, he has risen to the glorious perfection of the art: (C) his last paper appears with a *cradle over the marriage head!* This is a *cut* indeed. We hope he may be in it when his next ague fit comes on. How delightful an association of ideas this must occasion in the mind of the retiring female, as she opens, with joyful haste, the last number of the *Free Press*, after having waited for the post-rider near an hour. How delicate must the allusion be considered! Can it be possible that the taste of the female population of Auburn has encouraged this obscene display? But we meant not to be harsh or hasty. The *Free Press* is still before us, and we have cast our eye upon the first page of the paper. Mr. Harvey Hinman, manufacturer of *carpet-bags*, has his advertisement accompanied by a cut of two *horsemen*, who are galloping away on to the other page at an alarming rate—threatening to trample a *Price Current* under foot. Below this is a *whale*, with a very convenient handbill, headed "Spermaceti Oil," plastered fast to his side, and a cloud of smoke curling up from his mouth, innocently intended to represent the animal's *blowing*, but which looks for all the world as if his whaleship was incontinently smoking a cigar! Underneath is Mr. Cook, a sadler, whose calling is represented by an impudent *rocking-horse*, galloping full into the face of a noble charger, who stands, with marvellous docility for one of his apparent mettle, utterly undaunted by the threatening appearance of the scare-crow before him. The charger, however, may be accused of wanton extravagance, in loading himself with such profusion of costly trappings. Next follows a lottery advertisement, just at the bottom of a column, put there for the sake of conspicuously—for it may be observed, that such advertisers will have the bottom or the top—one being quite equal to the other: a discovery which, it is believed, was first made by themselves! It represents a poor boy running off with a pocket-book nineteen times bigger than himself. What does it mean?

And so we might go on for a column or two, if

we undertook to relate one half the cunning devices of the *Free Press*, while it would perhaps occupy an age to understand them—such is the delightful combination of elegance and mystification which they exhibit. Here you see a head of Franklin—there a rum-jug; here a time-piece—there a fiddle: beneath which is the veriest dowdy we ever saw, industriously engaged in throwing dollars into a milliner's bonnet, whose *Navarino* immensity gaps wide in the next column to receive them. But these are only an additional evidence of the march of taste, intelligence, and delicacy, among the woe-begone fraternity of Editors.

After a careful perusal of this hieroglyphical newspaper, we endeavored to find out the *use* to which it might at some future day be put. The present age is remarkable for its researches in Egyptian hieroglyphics, and Champollion has discovered a clue to their meaning. Some future Champollion, when the knowledge of English is lost, will write a book upon our manners and customs, and occupy a whole chapter upon weddings, illustrated by *cuts* upon this same eradle! and exhaust a dozen pages upon the strength of *the ancients*, who could carry pocket-books so much beyond their own dimensions!

The following advertisement comes to us in so unquestionable a shape—namely, with a bank-note enclosed—that we dare not omit to insert it. We shall carefully comply with the requisition of our fair customer.

WANTED.

(C) A Lady of this city, neither young nor old, and who flatters herself that her personal charms would be one of her chief recommendations, is desirous of settling in life; and her circle of acquaintance being limited, she is induced to waive the usual modesty of her sex, and to advertise for a husband. She is the more willing to adopt this course, because there is no possibility of her becoming known, except to the individual whose communication she shall see proper to answer. Communications may be left through the Post-Office, to the care of the Editor of the Saturday Bulletin, direct ed to

AMANDA.

P.S.—I forgot to mention one item: I am possessed of ten thousand dollars in the funds, and should have no objection to go to the Western or Southern States.

The above was scarcely handed to our compositor before another advertisement was received; and possibly, Amanda and George may make a match between them, without further trouble.

WANTED.

(C) The advertiser is a young man, of 25 years of age, and being on the point of undertaking the management of a farm, is in immediate want of a wife, who would be willing to manage the household affairs with prudence and economy. Money being no object, he will only require an unexceptionable personal appearance and a cultivated understanding. Address at the Saturday Bulletin Office.

GEORGE.

The Doylestown Intelligencer informs us of a curious discovery made in digging on the Delaware Canal, in Durham township, Bucks county.—Three feet below the surface, a pile of 18 cannon balls was found, and directly underneath, the bones of a human being. They were principally eighteen pounders. It would be worth the trouble of some inquiry to ascertain why cannon balls were so freely used in the burial of this unknown person, and whether he was a soldier or an officer of the revolutionary army. The canal, at the place of the discovery, runs very near the old Durham furnace—the first forge ever erected in Pennsylvania out of Philadelphia, and probably the very first. We believe this forge was in operation during the whole of the revolution. Most likely it furnished cannon balls for the army, and that the pile now discovered, was secretly placed upon the grave of one of the workmen by some of his fellow laborers.

It is with no common feelings that we copy the following, from a New York paper. The spirit of *Eastburn* is, we trust, still among us, and that his mantle may fall upon some patriotic individual, who will locate a *Seaman's Bank* in this city, is our earnest prayer.

"By the advertisement in our paper this evening it will be seen that the Seaman's Bank will begin to receive deposits on the 19th instant. The press should give as wide a circulation as possible to this notice. Money will not stay with an-

lors; and its possession by them is only an inducement to extravagance and dissipation. But under the benign influence of the societies which have been long engaged in meliorating the condition of common seamen, and by the aid of this *Savings' Bank*, many may make a comfortable provision for old age, who would otherwise have died before their time, or been miserable dependents upon public charity.

Fever and Ague.—The inhabitants of a neighboring state exceed all other people in their mode of curing this disease. We were witness to their skill some time since, and the operation being simple, we relate it for the benefit of those interested. The patient, a strong, hale man of forty, had been at work some time for a farmer, but his irregularity of attendance induced his employer to inquire the cause. He had frequent attacks of the Ague. At last he became very constant at his daily toil, and informed the family of the *effectual cure*; it consisted of binding a piece of fat meat upon a tree for a number of days, at the full of the moon, and provided the thing was kept a secret, it was *sarten* to cure. We pitied the poor man's ignorance, but congratulated him upon his *easy method of taking bark!* This drug being somewhat nauseous to delicate stomachs, perhaps the plan adopted by Mahomed Ali Kahn, as related by Sir John Malcombe, in his sketches of Persia, will suit those who prefer it to the fat meat system.

"I visited Kerrund twice, in 1800 and 1810. The first time, the chief of that place, Heydyyet Kook Khan, saw one of the gentlemen of the mission lying in the tent ill of a quartan ague; he begged I would cure him; and on being asked what was his remedy, he said he would beat him with sticks till he was well. The invalid declined the experiment, at which the chief was not a little offended, and brought a number of his followers to swear that they had been cured by his blows. When I last visited this place, Heydyyet Kookli was dead. He had left ten sons; the eldest, Mahomed Ali Khan, was chief of the tribe. I asked him if he had inherited his father's knowledge of medicine. 'My practice,' he said, 'is equally successful. I tie them up by the heels when the cold fit is on, and bastinado them most severely, scalding them at the same time, so as to produce heat and terror, instead of a cold fit.' 'And you succeed?' 'Always.' 'Have you any patients but your own followers?' 'A few; those in the neighborhood who have any sense, send to me when they are ill of the ague.' 'Can any of your brothers cure fevers?' 'No, no!' replied he, quickly: 'that is a gift or privilege, confined exclusively to the head of the family.'

Miraculous Preservation.—About midnight of the 6th instant, a negro man, employed in the service of *Mayberry McVaugh*, Teacher, of Willingborough, Burlington county, N. J. was roused from his sleep by the room filling with smoke. On jumping out of bed, he discovered the house was in flames. The family was immediately alarmed. The house contained upwards of twenty little boys, pupils of Mr. McVaugh. In the midst of the confusion attendant on this perilous situation, the negro above-mentioned, as he sent each boy down-stairs, put his trunk into his hands, by which remarkable instance of presence of mind, all the pupils' clothes were saved. The fire broke out in the room which contained the oven, and thence communicated directly to the pump, cutting off all supplies of water, except from the barn-yard, which was some distance from the house. The building being frame, was soon levelled with the ground, as no assistance could be obtained from the neighbors—not one of whom knew any thing of the fire until next day. Nothing was saved but a few beds, and the boys' clothes, except victuals enough for a breakfast, which Mrs. McVaugh procured from the pantry during the height of the conflagration. The crowd of little boys breakfasted the next morning in the barn, and were then sent off to their respective homes. The loss in furniture, &c. was very considerable—but no boarding school for children should be built of wood.

We are informed, says a late New York paper, that a horse and gig left standing in Broadway yesterday (unattended) took fright, and ran over two children, one of which was killed, and the other much injured. Query—Did the gig take fright, or only the horse?

The Canadian giant, who is exhibiting himself at New York, was once a sailor on board a coasting vessel, and made several voyages to Boston.

The Puzzle.—We never knew a puzzle excite so much interest as the one given out in our paper some time since, offering a Volume of the Ariel to the first individual who should combine the figures 1 to 9 so as to amount to 80. We have had letters enough on the subject to fill a respectable mail bag, and not a few of them "postage unpaid," which is sufficiently provoking. They have issued from all the principal towns in the Union, without mentioning a score or two of small "stores" and "corners." We have been gratified to find so many individuals anxious to possess a Volume of the Ariel, but mortified that so many were disappointed. The first person who fairly solved it was a young man of this city, as we before mentioned; since which we have discovered by the aid of our correspondents, that there are at least 100 ways of doing the same thing. But among all the arithmeticians who have labored for the prize, we award the greatest praise to a Mr. Elijah Hatch, P. M. Federalton, Ohio, from whom we have just received the following truly original solution, and for its ingenuity, have immediately forwarded the Volume as requested. It must have cost some trouble to puzzle out such an answer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Dear Sir—I have heard your paper very highly spoken of, but have never had the pleasure of perusing one of your numbers. Our editors occasionally give us extracts from the Ariel; and the "Athens Mirror," of March 28, contains a question in arithmetic taken from the Ariel, wherein you offer a premium of a Volume of that paper to the person who should solve the question. I have paid some attention to the question, and believe the following operation in Compound Addition to be a complete solution, viz:

Add 46 minutes and 2 seconds to 79 hours 13 minutes and 58 seconds. Thus	H M S
	79 13 58
	46 2

Answer, 80 hours. 80 0 0

If on examining the above and comparing it with the question, you should think me deserving the premium, you will direct to ELIJAH HATCH.

An expensive dealer in groceries informs us that the temperance societies have really effected wonders. The prices of foreign Brandy were never so low as at present in this country, and still falling. We are glad of it, and hope it will get as low as its avowed consumers. The Vermont Chronicle has a paragraph showing "how to avoid bad debts"—"In Carver, Mass., Mr. E.—carries on a furnace on a large scale, employs about 30 men, but furnishes no spirits. He is a merchant, and refuses to trade at all in ardent spirits. When interrogated by a friend, why he did not, as formerly, sell spirituous liquors, he answered, 'I will give two reasons. First, one within one mile of me: four men, in consequence of their intemperance, have left their wives. The second is, that all my bad debts are rum debts. In looking over my books, I find when I subtract the rum bill from my account against poor debtors, they owe me nothing.' Captain N. E.—, of Middleborough, gave me a similar account—all bad debts, he said, were against the rum drinking population."

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine gives the annexed description of a London hackney-coach. It would apply to a few on this side of the water.

"We were soon on our way in a hackney-coach drawn by two ananomies, whose progress was so humane, that an old woman who was knocked down by one of the front wheels, opposite the Angel at Islington, had time to get up again, before the hind wheel overtook her."

Extremes of Fashion.—A French paper, in giving an account of the Ladies' Fashions for the month of April, says, "The sleeves are of a frightful breadth—when you have taken the quantity of stuff necessary for the gown, cut just the same quantity, and it will be about enough to make the sleeves." And we, in giving an account of Philadelphia Fashions for the month of May, would only have to recapitulate the above. The rage has gone beyond all bounds already, and even threatens to go still further—in fact, to have no bounds at all. Indeed, an instance may be given which occurred in this city last week, not only of downright departure from the

proper modest bearing of the sex, but of open indecency. Two ladies, decked off in all the gaudy colors of the rainbow, were discovered in Chestnut street having their petticoats so short that they came higher than we dare even think of, and exposing ankles covered with beautiful silk gaiters! This outlandish exhibition of the heretofore hidden charms of the sex attracted the notice even of the boys, who began to shout "Ladies with gaiters on!" greatly to the scandal of the manners of the said boys, and causing dire confusion to the fair candidates for the breeches. A crowd very soon collected round them, until they were finally mobbed—in the most public street in Philadelphia, and in broad day-light! A gentleman seeing their awkward situation, invited them into his house, procured a carriage, and sent them home! We are gratified to say, that they were not citizens of Philadelphia; though, as we understand, they belong to an ancient family of the most aristocratic state in the Union.

Mr. Peel is now called Lemon Peel, since he left the Orange faction. Lord Wellington has created a more lasting name than any British Premier who has preceded him. The Catholic Association of this city have agreed to inform Mr. O'Connell of the respect and value they attach to his services, and to invite their fellow citizens to join with them in celebrating the resurrection of Ireland.

The New York Musical Festival took place on Monday, being the first ever got up in America, and "went off," says a New Yorker, with great eclat. Think of a musical festival *going off*. Mr. Horn *goes off*, too, in the next packet.

FOR THE ARIEL.
THE USURPER.

This comical tragedy was performed at the Arch Street Theatre on Tuesday evening last, for the benefit of Miss Emery; and I venture to assert, that no audience was ever better pleased than that which then and there assembled. Upbraiding bursts of laughter bore ample testimony to the merits of the play, and the exertions of the performers; and it must be admitted, that the latter gave irresistible effect to the humorous passages with which this unique production abounds. There was one young gentleman in particular, ("his first appearance on any stage,") whose inimitable personation of *Partholon* drew plaudits from every part of the house. His conception of the author's humor was excellent; and it was difficult to decide which contributed most to the amusement of the audience—the dialogue itself, or the vivid manner in which its beauties were set forth by this judicious actor. The correct reading, with which he marked the numerous mirth-exciting speeches—the chaste and graceful action—the expression of countenance—and the dignified stride—all contributed to the effect of the play, and justly entitle the actor to a share of the glory which many would confer upon the author alone.

The tragedy of "The Usurper" affords a striking instance of the success of an author whose course is decidedly original. Formerly, the writer of a play was expected to bring to the task some knowledge of nature and some power of language—some little capacity for forming a plot, and a slender acquaintance with stage effect. But it was reserved for the author of the "Usurper" to show the fallacy of the belief that these were indispensable requisites, for he has produced a play in which there is not the least evidence of his being possessed of any one of these qualifications, and which yet is capable of affording the highest entertainment to an intelligent audience. He has relied altogether upon his comic powers; and has so mingled the serious with the burlesque, as to excite the admiration of gods and men.

These positions might easily be illustrated by extracts from the play; but this would be tedious and unprofitable, and withal, would occupy too much space. Let any man, woman, or child, take up the printed play, (revised edition,) and peruse it carefully; and if each and all do not agree with me as to the merits of the author, then let them persuade the manager to have the tragedy performed again. Let them test the question by viewing the performance; and if their risible muscles be not fully exer-

cised, I pronounce them incompetent judges of dramatic excellence.

To excite the mirthful emotions, has been the constant endeavor of numerous play-writers; but the palm must be yielded to our townsman, without a shadow of question; and I defy any one who witnessed the presentation of Tuesday night, ever to recur to that auspicious exhibition without being moved to laughter. The play, however, has other recommendations, peculiarly its own: the covert humor of the author, in printing it with alternate long and short lines, as if it were blank verse, is excessively amusing; and the surprise occasioned to the reader by the discovery of the prose, is well calculated to elicit admiration for the author's powers of language. Then, there is that uniformity of excellence throughout the whole play, which exhibits the author's unflagging ability to astonish & interest. Every page presents something to amuse the reader—not as in other tragedies, where one's attention is rudely jolted by meeting with brilliant passages here and there; in this, there is a regularity and smoothness which resembles the comfort of travelling on a well-paved road, where no hills or valleys intervene to make rugged the level space. All is regular harmony, enlivened only by that quaint jocularity so well preserved throughout the piece.

It remains for future commentators to point out and illustrate the hidden beauties of this celebrated tragedy. For the present generation—and particularly, for the inhabitants of a city which is the residence of the author of so marvellous a production—it only remains, to admire in silence and with awe the astonishing powers of mind which gave birth to it.

J. F.

ORIGINAL NOTICES.

Tales of a Military Life. By the Author of the Military Sketch Book—3 vols. 8vo. Colburn, London.

This production will meet a favorable reception from the public, in consequence of the approbation awarded to the Sketch Book. Its contents breathe of war, danger, starving, cutting, and honorable death, and no one seems to have had better opportunities or to be better qualified than this old soldier, to do his themes justice, having been in the retreat from Corunna, and the campaign of Belgium. Through these scenes the reader is conducted by an eye-witness, in a style of which we proceed to select a sample.

BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS.

"Gray, as one of the party of dragoons who attended the Duke of Wellington, proceeded onward at a sharp pace through the marching columns, which his Grace examined, with a close but quick glance, as he passed on, and after a march of seven leagues, came up with the Belgian troops under the Prince of Orange, who had been attacked and pushed back by the French. It was about seven o'clock; none of the British troops had yet arrived within some hours' march of the Duke. The party of dragoons were ordered to remain in readiness for duty, in a corn field near the road, on a rising ground, which commanded a full view of the country in front, while the Duke and his staff proceeded to the left.

"The four biscuits which had been served out to each man at Brussels the night before, with some cold beef, and the contents of their canteen, served to regale the dragoons after their long and rapid march, while the stout steeds that had borne them found a delightful repast in the high rye that waved under their noses. Here they beheld passing on the road beside them many wounded Belgians, and could see before them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the French bayonets glinting over the high fields of corn, and hear distinctly the occasional discharge of musketry from the trailleur. Gray's heart leaped with joy, and he thought no more of Brussels.

"What's this place called?" inquired one of the dragoons, generally of his comrades.

"Calded!—Oh, some jaw-breaking Dutch name of a yard long, I suppose," replied another. "Ax Gentleman Gray—he'll tell you."

"Well, Mr. Gray, do you know the name of this here place?"

"I believe," replied Gray, "we are near a point called Quatre Bras, or the four roads."

"I say, Jack," said another, with his mouth full of biscuit, "did you ever meet with such a devil of a roadster as the corporal there with his glazed cock hat?"

"Who do you mean?" said Jack.

"Why the Dook, to be sure—how he did give it us on the long road through the forest."

"Ay—he's the lad; well, here's God bless his jolly old glazed hat any way," cried the trooper, swallowing a horn of grog; "he's the boy that has come from the Peninsula just to git 'em a leaf out of his book. He was dancing last night—riding like a devil all the morning—and I'll warrant he'll be fighting all the afternoon by way of refreshing himself."

"The party remained undisturbed until about half past one o'clock; nothing having been done in the way of attack by the French. During the interval, Gray employed himself in watching closely the scene around him, and mentally discussing the chance of the now inevitably approaching fight.

"The hour of struggle was near—the pibroch burst upon the ears of the troopers, and up they started.

"Here they come," cried one—"Here they come," cried another—the gallant 42d; look at the pietate-devils, how they foot it along!"

"All stood on the highest part of the ground, to witness the arrival of the troops, who were now within a quarter of a mile of them on the main road. A hum arose. Belgian officers galloped down the road, and across the fields in all directions; the Duke was seen riding towards his expected soldiers, and the scene was life at all points. The pibroch's sound grew louder; and now the bands of the more distant regiments were heard; and the harmonious bugles of the rifle corps, mingled their sounds with the others. The long red line of Britons is fully before the sight, like a giant stream of blood on the ripe and mellow bosom of the earth. Pierton is at its head, and the Duke greets the heroic partner of his glory. The first of the regiments passes close to the troopers, and receives a cheer from them, which found a return in the relaxing muscles of the hardy Scots.

"What corps is that?" inquired one of the group.

"The Royal Highlanders, the 42d—don't you see they are turned up with blue and gold?" replied another.

"And what's this with the yellow facings?"

"The old 92d."

"And the other Scotch regiment, with the green and gold?"

"The 79th; three as good kilted corps as ever crossed the Tweed. And there's the 95th rifle boys, as green as the wood they are going to take. And there see the 28th—and the 44th—and the 52d—that's Pierton's division; a glorious set of fellows as ever slept."

"And who are the fellows in black?"

"The bold Brunswick corps, with death's head on their caps—the undertakers of the French," cried the corporal.

"Never did a young hero gaze on a gallant army with more enthusiastic feelings, than did Gray upon the troops before him—the sight stirred his heart-strings. They were within shot of their toe, and half an hour should see them in bloody contest. He sighed to think that his own regiment had not yet come up, with which he might share the glory of the fight.

"One after the other, the corps entered the fields, across the high corn, from the road, to take up their positions for the battle. Neither cavalry nor artillery had they to support them—their bayonets were their hopes; and their wise general placed them accordingly in squares, and at such distances as that one might support the other, while each would protect itself, independently, if necessary. The rifle corps now advanced to open the business of the day by firing into a field of trailleur. The French were not idle at this time; they advanced in masses—cavalry and infantry; while a roar of cannon, that almost deafened every ear, covered the attack.

"They are coming on the centre," cried Gray: "see the cuirassiers—what a body of men! Oh! where is our cavalry?"

"Av," cried a trooper; "and look—what columns of infantry!"

"All now remained in breathless anxiety, gazing on the approaching masses of the enemy—not a word was spoken amongst the well-planted squares of the British. The French were within fifty yards of them, and the battle begins.

"There," cried a trooper, "how our men give it to them!—there's a volley!—look how the horses fall!—see, they can't stand it—hurrah!—the rearguards stagger—th²⁷ are after them—they deploy into line; there the French go, with the bayonet at them, helter-skelter. But observe, at a distance from them, the enemy's dragoons are at the 42d—the Scotch open and let them pass—but now they get it right and left. Down they go—down they go!"

"By Heaven!" cried Gray, "here come the Brunswick horse in confusion, pursued by the cuirassiers along the road, near the village."

"All turned to gaze at the point: it was too true: their leader had fallen; they had advanced too cautiously, and were therefore obliged to fall back.

"Here they come, and the French cavalry are close upon them. But see the Highlanders in the

sitch. Hark! there—they gave them a volley. Down tumble the horsemen!—look!—they are in a heap on the ground."

"A shout from the troopers acknowledged the glorious truth. It was the first fire from the 92d that achieved the triumph.

"The artillery, the musketry, and the shouting of the combatants, became so deafening, that even the group of troopers unoccupied in the fight, and in the rear, could scarcely hear each other's voices. Gray's party mounted their horses now, in order to have a better view of the battle, and from the situation of the ground on which they were standing, they beheld, in awful anxiety, rush after rush made against the British infantry, whose duty was evidently that of firm defense; they beheld wave after wave of blue ranks advance over the rising bosom of the ground, and saw them successively battered by the rocks they assaulted—the ground covered with men and horses by the well-directed fire of the squares. The other divisions of the English army were fast arriving, and taking up ground on the left, in spite of the efforts of the French to prevent it, and thus divide them from their comrades engaged. A 'lull,' (as the sailors say, when the storm pauses a little,) took place, and both armies stood, as it were, looking at each other. But another and more desperate attack soon followed—the tempest returned with double violence. The mouths of Ney's numerous cannon opened again: the smoke drifted over on the English, and under its cover were seen advancing an immense force, for another struggle with the right of the Duke's line, in order to turn it, and possess themselves of the village. The Duke and his staff were in front of the 92d regiment, and the balls playing on them had knocked down several of his aids-de-camp. As the foe came near, the artillery ceased, the close fight began, and several regiments at once poured in their fire: both sides kept their ground, and hundreds fell at every discharge of musketry. The Duke now, in the pithy and familiar language of the soldier, cried out to the Scots, '92d, you must charge these fellows.'

"The word was magic—the kilts rushed against the blaze of the traitors! Their leader and their officer fell amongst them; but, alas! their blood only enraged the men—fiercely as tigers they rush, and their bayonets sink into the mass before them. The whole fly, while the victorious Highlanders pursue them almost out of sight of their general. Alas! many of these heroes fell in their gallant work.

"This glorious charge was beheld by Gray and his comrades with delight; their shaeos waved over their heads, and their cries of exultation fully showed what a catching thing is the fever of the fight. One of the dragoons now turned his eyes to the wood on the right, which the French had possessed themselves of, and exclaimed—

"'But lo, the guards have come up, and are in the woods. Who did they come from? I did not see them before. Hark! how they shout: they are all amongst the trees.'

"'Yes, and they'll not soon come back; they'll keep their ground, I'll warrant,' cried the corporal.

"At this moment the troopers were somewhat disarranged by a part of the earth suddenly flying upwards in a cloud: it was the effect of a cannon-ball which had struck the ground. They started a few paces backwards, wiped their faces, and having all passed their jocular sentiments on the occasion, rally united again to view and comment on the action.

"They continued to gaze on the busy and bloody scene, with but few observations. Mass after mass was advancing against the steady squares of infantry, and received with roars of musketry; the cavalry of the enemy, desperate and disappointed, galloped about the close and well-guarded Britons, cutting at the ranks, and dropping as they cut. An fiery bellow upon the unyielding heroes, whose ranks closed up at every point where the dead had opened them: they cried aloud for the order to advance; but received the cool and prudent negative of the watchful chief, who, during the action, was moving from rank to rank, encouraging and elevating the energies of his men.

"The repeated unsuccessful attacks of the French wore out the patience of their general, and so thinned his ranks, that he had at length ceased to contend, and drew off his troops from the field, leaving the English masters of it, and holding every point of the position which they had taken up in the early part of the day."

The Conquest of Granada, by Washington Irving: Philadelphia—Carey, Lea & Carey.

We are at a loss to know why this sterling production of our countryman has received so little notice, since its republication here. Surely, there has been no lack of curiosity to read it—for we understand a heavy edition has sold well. Though it has been sparingly referred to by the gentlemen of the press, their references have been loud and hearty in its favor. We have looked over it with the most unmixed pleasure, though from the ti-

de, we expected nothing further than a dry and solemn detail of historical facts, gathered with an industry worthy of the author, from the musty records in the libraries of the Escorial; but great was our surprise to find, in place of these, or rather added to these, an abundance of the same imitable humor of his Knickerbocker and Sketch Book. The finger of Irving himself is visible throughout. The sly wit, and sometimes the broad, open joke, peers forth with irresistible excellency, from those pages which are dignified with the imposing title of a 'History.' In short, this work possesses all the striking peculiarities of that genius which so delighted us in the History of New York.

The Conquest of Granada professes to be a faithful and exact relation of events which occurred three or four centuries ago, including the bitter and sanguinary struggle which ended in the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. Having fixed upon a certain "Fray Antonio Agapida," as a kind of scape-goat for all the quirks and oddities of the history—a name which, by the way, Irving says, "is not to be found in any of the catalogues of the Spanish authors!"—he goes on to relate, in a style of unique humor, the principal events of the ten years' struggle.

We give the following excellently told anecdote, as calculated to throw some light on the origin of the blessed paper-money system, in which this country, from the time of the Revolution to the present day, has had such memorable experience:

"It happened that the Catholic cavalier at one time was destitute of gold and silver, wherewith to pay the wages of his troops; and the soldiers murmured greatly, seeing that they had not the means of purchasing necessaries from the people in the town. In this dilemma, what does this most sagacious commander? He takes me a number of little morsels of paper, on the which he inscribes various sums large and small according to the nature of the case, and signs me them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiers in earnest of their pay. 'How?' you will say, 'are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper?' Even so, I answer, and well paid too, as I shall presently make manifest: for the good court issued a proclamation, ordering the inhabitants of Alhama to take these morsels of paper for the full amount the con-ributed, promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold, and threatening severe punishment to all who should refuse. The people having full confidence in his word, and trusting that he would be as willing to perform the one promise as he certainly was able to perform the other, took these curious morsels of paper without hesitation or demur. Thus, by a subtle and most miraculous kind of alchemy, did this Catholic cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold, and make his late impoverished garrison abound in money!"

It is but just to add, that the Count de Tendilla redeemed his promises, like a loyal knight; and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Fray Antonio Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since inundated the civilized world with unbounded confidence.

From the latter part of the work we make the following extract. The writer narrates the triumphant entry of the Christian army into the city of Granada, and the final departure of the Moors, after their commander, Boabdil el Chico, had surrendered into the hands of the victorious Ferdinand and the keys of their most favorite city. In this brief extract, the intelligent reader will recognize the touching pathos of the Sketch Book, and the plaintive, melancholy beauty of the story of "The Wife," and the article on "Rural Funerals"—

Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpujarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

Having joined his army, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his all-tied residence in the valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpujarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the Vega spread its enamored bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenel,

The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While yet they looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, soened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: "Allah Achar! God is great!" said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. * * *

From the circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achar—but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada, is known among the Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or "The last sigh of the Moor."

Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of Lieutenant John Shipp, of His Majesty's 87th Regiment—Written by Himself: London, 3 vols.

This book is certainly one of the most remarkable of the huge family of Military Tales, Adventures and Biographies, which an army of English half-pay officers have put forth during the last four years. It contains some of the most thrilling narratives of blood and murder which we ever read; while the professed object of the author, that of relating the incidents of his life, frequently disappears behind the consciousness of his real one—that of spinning out a book. Yet the anecdotes of various well-known characters which he has thrown in through his narrative, are sometimes very amusing, and serve the additional purpose of diverting the mind from dwelling too constantly upon the dreadful scene which he relates. Those readers who are fond of a stirring narrative, full of sudden shifting from one striking picture to another, will find these volumes very palatable food. They abound in incidents of every kind which a military man may be supposed to encounter, and in a great many more, which we doubt very much if any man, woman, or child, ever before heard of, much less witnessed. But, taking them altogether, they contain sketches of a wonderful character, well worth a perusal.

Shipp appears, from his own story, to be a man of invincible courage. He was twice raised from the ranks, but was at last broken by a court martial; and disgraced, for being concerned in a swelling horse-race. Yet his misfortunes do not seem to depress his spirits, and he tells his story with even a greater relish, from his now humbled situation. We give his own cool relation of a combat with something worse than a Turk—a modern Hy-ponion—

Single combat with the Nubah.—Their commander, or one of their provincial officers, attempted to rally them. Having succeeded in this attempt for the moment, the said officer ad the impudence to attack and put his majesty's liege subject, John Shipp, ensign on full pay, and in the full vigor of his life and manhood, in bodily fear, on the king's high hill of Muckwanpore, on the afternoon of [REDACTED]; I now forget the date, he so frightened me. He was a strong, powerful man, protected by two shields, one tied round his waist, and hanging over his thighs as low as his knees, and the other on the left arm, much larger than the one round his waist. From this gentleman there was no escape; and, fortunately for me, I had my old twenty-fourth with me, which I had two or three days before put in good shaving order. With this I was obliged to set on the defense, till I could catch my formidable opponent off his guard. He cut, I guarded; he thrust, I parried; until he became aggravated, and set to work with that impetuosity and determined-ness, pretty generally understood by the phrase 'hammer and tongs,' in the course of which he nearly cut my poor twenty-fourth in pieces. At last, I found he was wounded; but I could see nothing of the fellow, but his black face peeping above one shield, and his feet under the other; so I tho't I would give him a cut 'five' across the lower extremities; but he would not stand still for a moment; he cut as many capers as a French dancing master, till I was quite out of patience with his folly. I did not like to quit my man, so I tried his other extremities; but he would not stand still, all I could do. At length I made a feint at his toes, to cut them: down went his shield from his face, to save his legs; up went the edge of my sword smack under his chin; in endeavoring to get away from which he threw his head back, which nearly tumbled off, and down he fell; and I assure you, reader, I was not sorry for it, for he was a most unsociable neighbor. I don't know whether I had a right or not, but I took the liberty of taking his sword, gold crescent, turban chain, and large

shield. The latter I supported on my left arm during the action, and it was fortunate for me that I did, for I found that the shield was ball-proof, and I should have been severely wounded, had I been deprived of this trophy.

The annexed we give for the purpose of letting our readers understand that Mr. Shipp is possessed of a remarkably fine imagination. The story is a good one; and 'twere a pity to spoil it by even hinting that the author was given to story-telling—

Baboons at the Cape of Good Hope.—On the hills near Simmons Town, at the Cape of Good Hope, whole regiments of Baboons assemble. These rascals, who stand six feet high, and are most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and even in spite of this, they have frequently stolen our blankets and great coats, or any thing else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket, and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which were high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, with sticks and stones, to attack them, with a view of recovering the property, and inflict such chastisement as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with about twenty; and I made a detour to cut them off from the caves, to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while others kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collect large stones and other missiles. One old grey-headed one in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of Father Murphy, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack with the judgment of our best genera's. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the corps de main, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from Father Murphy was a signal for a general encounter; and the host of baboons, under his command, rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some one of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting in indication of victory, and during the whole night we heard dreadful yells and screaming, so much so that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blanket; for we saw eight or ten of them with a piece of it upon their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Among the number strayed Father Murphy. These rascals annoyed us day and night, we dare not venture out, unless a party of five or six went together.

COMMUNICATION.

OBITUARY.

"A flower that's offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

Departed this life, on the 6th inst. at the residence of her father, in Bristol, Penn. after a short but very painful illness, MARY WARNER, eldest daughter of JOSEPH WARNER, in the 18th year of her age.

In the unexpected departure of the lovely subject of this notice, her afflicted parents realize again the heartbreaking sorrow which they felt at the recent decease of an only and beloved son. Seldom indeed it is, that either parents or friends are called upon to mourn the death of one so good and amiable as MARY, for it seemed as though all the accomplishments of her sex mingled in delightful harmony, to make her loved and admired wherever known. To a mind naturally strong, she added all the finer polish of education, with manners mild and pleasing, and a countenance in which each winning grace strove for pre-eminence. Her extended circle of acquaintance deeply sympathized in her premature decease; for wherever known, she was beloved, and even where she was not known, her expanded virtues, cut off in the budding of her youth, have drawn tears of pity and regret even from the eyes of strangers. It is humbly hoped, that from the tenor of her dying thoughts, her eyes now closed on this world are opened to the glories of a blessed immortality. Her thoughts were calm and collected; and one who watched the sinking lamp of nature at her bedside, might truly say, in the language of the poet—

On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where world's material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—The following statement, which is disgraceful to all the parties concerned in it, appears in a morning paper.

A very strange scene took place at the Kean's Head, Theatrical house, London, a few nights ago. A young gentleman, who fancied he had high talent for writing tragedies, went to Kean's Head, for the purpose of making known his powers, under the impression that they would be fairly appreciated by the company. As soon as it was known in the public room that a literary flat was in the way, the customers immediately determined upon administering a wholesome correction to his vanity. They assumed the characters of Managers, authors, and booksellers, and imposed upon the dramatic genius with the most wonderful effect. One of them was Mr. Price, another Mr. Colman, a third Mr. John Murray, a fourth Mr. Constable (of Edinburgh,) a fifth Mr. Fawcett, and a sixth Mr. Longman. The candidate for dramatic honors had actually brought with him a specimen of his power—a tragedy; and it was determined that a strong contest should be forthwith entered into amongst the managers for the theatrical property in it, and among the booksellers for the copyright. The author received introduction to the several gentlemen interested in the work, and was requested to read his tragedy, which he did, standing on the table, while Mr. Price and Mr. Fawcett held the candles to him. The applause was, of course, tremendous; but Mr. Price was very fastidious, and threw out an occasional pooh, which evidently annoyed the author. Mr. Colman's better taste, however, corrected the barbarous interruptions, and Mr. John Murray, who was represented by a person of similar obliquity of vision, as soon as the piece terminated, pulled out a well folded £1,000 note of the bank of Elegance and Fashion, and offered it for the copyright. "No," said Mr. Colman, "such a genuine production shall not be sacrificed. It shall be first represented. You want to crush genius as is your usual practice, Mr. Murray." Here Mr. Murray, without hesitation, gave Mr. Colman the lie, and the gentlemen were about to resort to the *argumentum baculum*, when Mr. Fawcett offered to play the piece, and to accept for a stipulated sum a tragedy a week from the writer, whose eye was wandering all the while after the £1,000 note. "I don't wish to have any disputes, gentlemen," said the latter, "and I am willing to close with Mr. Murray for that note."—"Close with Murray," roared out Mr. Price, "I'm hanged if you do. No, no: he shan't have the broth of the tragedy. It would not be worth a groat to us if he put his unlucky claws upon it. He is no more fit to patronize a tragedy than a newspaper." Mr. Murray, in a huff, pocketed his property, to the discomfiture of the author, who was prevented from expostulating by the ferocious appearance and manners of the representative of Dury Lane.

At length it was resolved that the author should supply the two theatres with tragedies alternately, the managers to "hide the horse" for the first piece. Accordingly the horse was hidden, and Mr. Fawcett was the lucky gamester. Mr. Price's rage at his disappointment then became wholly unappeasable. He seized the tragedy, and in an instant it was in a blaze, while the rest of the company screamed at the advancing destruction, which was, however, checked by the activity of the landlord, who, like a true fireman-waterman, threw a jug of beer over the flaming work. There was then a general cry of "Turn out Price; turn out the rascally Yankee;" but there stood behind that gentleman's chair his servant, in a

fine laced coat, which had been borrowed at a Jew's for the purpose, and the moment his master was threatened, he swore he would put the whole room in the watch-house if they stirred a foot. The conduct of this servant was inexplicable to the author, for he sometimes sat down by his master with a pipe in his mouth, and even took the liberty to drink out of the same glass; but then it was all attributed to the democracy of American habits, and the Author considered it no degradation when this "odd companion" for a gentleman swallowed three fourths of his own glass. But the scene has not yet reached its climax. The hour had arrived when the managers must look after their theatres, and the booksellers and authors separate, to prepare for the next day's labor. Mr. Colman then rose, and with much grace and elegance requested that the young author would leave them a testimony from which they would each of them derive considerable honor. "What gentlemen, can I spare which you would think adequate?" asked the author. "A lock of your hair," answered Mr. Colman: and a large shears was soon procured, and Mr. Murray was deputed to the office of removing a lock for each of the company. The favor was granted without the slightest hesitation, and the dramatic hero actually departed as if he had just left the hands of the most experienced shaver; but he did not go until each of the performers dropped the character he had assumed, and confessed that it had been put on for the purpose of curing a most injurious and ridiculous vanity.

PARIS, Feb. 25.—A letter dated Nantua, Feb. 17, gives the following account of an extraordinary death by accident, leading to results still more extraordinary, which has taken place recently, near Geneva:—

A carter, belonging to the department of the Ain, who is in the habit of travelling between Bourg and Geneva, was accosted, at some distance from the latter town, by a poor woman, who seemed to be exhausted from fatigue, and who begged of him to allow her to get into his cart, that she might reach Geneva before the gates were closed for the night. The carter consented, and the woman got into the cart, and lay down, covering herself over with the straw, and drawing close round her head the hood of her cloak, to preserve herself from the cold. In a short time her snoring announced that she was enjoying the most profound repose. On coming to a steep hill close to Geneva, the carter got down to lock the wheel, and, on reaching the bottom of the hill, he took off the *sabat*, a heavy iron shoe, placed under one of the wheels whilst descending the hill, and, instead of hooking it under the cart, its usual place, he, being so near the end of his journey, threw it into the cart. On arriving at the gates of the town he recollects the old woman, and called to her to come down and go about her business; but, receiving no reply to his repeated calls, he got up on one of the wheels, and, in no very gentle manner, pulled her by the legs, crying out—"Good woman, good woman, come, be stirring;" but the good woman neither stirred nor spoke; when the carter, fearing something was wrong, got into the cart, and, raising her up, discovered that she was a corpse. He gave the alarm, and, in a short time, a physician and a municipal officer had arrived, when it was discovered that her death had been caused by a blow on the temple, which blow was given by the heavy iron wheel shoe, which the carter, forgetting at the moment that there was any one in the cart, had thrown into it. As they proceeded with the examination of the body, one cried out—"Oh,

my God! this woman is a man!" which exclamation was shortly followed by another of—"Here's a dagger and pistols!" This led to still more minute search, when there was found, in one of the pockets, a letter, telling the pretended woman to repair, about 12 o'clock that night, to a certain chateau, not far from Geneva, where there would be a plentiful booty, and sufficient aid to secure it. Information being given to the magistrates, a number of gendarmes were placed in ambuscade in the vicinity of the chateau in question; and, about midnight, nine men, who approached with great caution, were seized and bound hand and foot. The inmates of the chateau were roused up, and the owner, a rich old gentleman, informed of the imminent danger he had been in, and the extraordinary accident that saved him from it. It is said that, in the fulness of his gratitude, he immediately settled a pension, for the rest of his life, upon his unintentional saviour. A liberated convict, residing in the arrondissement of Nantua, was amongst the brigands taken.

MISCELLANY.

We recollect hearing of an incident which occurred not many years ago, to the Duke of Orleans, when he resided in the county of Essex, which exemplifies the practice and the motives of Coroners:—His Grace, when walking by the side of a river, observed on the other side, something like the body of a man lying near the edge of the water. He prevailed on a boatman to row him across, when he discovered the corpse of a person, who had been drowned in attempting to swim. The boatman carried the body to the side of the river to which he belonged.—The news of a dead man having been found, soon reached the ears of the coroners on both sides of the river, and both arrived with their train of clerks and officers, to claim the body. A long litigation was the result, and some years after the death of the unfortunate man, the gentlemen of the long robe determined which judge should act as coroner. The annoyance caused to the Duke was so great, that he protested he would, while in England, do all he could for the living, but would never again interfere with the dead.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

NEW SONG.
Fortune's frowns the heart may wring,
But the soul can fate despise;
Sorrow hath its piercing sting,
Yet superior to its darts,
Noble minds and virtuous hearts,
'Bove the ills of life can rise.

Ah, let love, benignant smiling,
Cast around its magic spell,
Then shall joy, each care beguiling,
In this bosom fondly dwell;
While my heart, tho' death be nigh,
Tyrant power shall still defy!

HEBREW MELODY.

Thine heart is sad—thine heart is sad,
And thoughts of sorrow vex thy soul;
But Judah's God can make thee glad,
And burst the clouds that round thee roll;
Thy broken spirit shall be whole,
And light and joy arise on thee,
To end thy dark captivity.

For all things own his wondrous sway,
In heaven, or earth, or ocean wide;
And sun and shower, and night and day,
Praise him as their Almighty guide;
E'en the cold grave in vain would hide
Our sins and sorrows from His sight,
Whose arm is Power—whose eye is Light!

"*Good name, my Lord, in man or woman.*"—A Mademoiselle Scratteini Prussiano is engaged at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. We do not know what line she is in, excepting indeed, that by the aid of a balloon and rope she makes an ascension; but from her name we should infer that she was some relation of Madame Catalini.



THE OLO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, until he retorted, "You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a great bite."

Hogarth was a very absent man. When he set up his carriage, having occasion to visit the Lord Mayor, on coming out he walked home wet to the skin, forgetting that he had his own chariot at the door. Hogarth died on the 25th of October, 1764.

SILLY WISHES.

Quoth Zachary Brigg, "Zooks! had I but a pig,
I shoul'd then feel quite happy, I vow;"
But the pig, when posset, gave his wishes no rest,
For he then wish'd he had but a cow.

Mr. Hyde, in like manner, (the Bermondsey Tanner,) First raised his bold thoughts to a chay;
Of the chay quickly tir'd he madly aspir'd,
In a chariot to figure away.

Thus it ever occurs—wild Fancy men stirs
Each day to some restless pretension;
The optative mood, to realities rude,
Courts phantoms with constant attention.

USEFUL REMARKS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

The want of due consideration is the cause of all the unhappiness man brings upon himself.

Discreet stays make speedy journeys; precipitation may prove the downfall of fortune.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

A danger foreseen is half avoided.

Hear much and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

Learn betimes to say No.—*Edgeworth.*

Poor Humphrey's Prophecies, for 1829, with Hieroglyphics, by Wm. Hone, is in press. It has this motto:

All who are over wise, all who are otherwise,
All who are never wise, all who are weatherwise,
Over or other, or never or weatherwise,
All should read Humphrey, and be altogether wise.

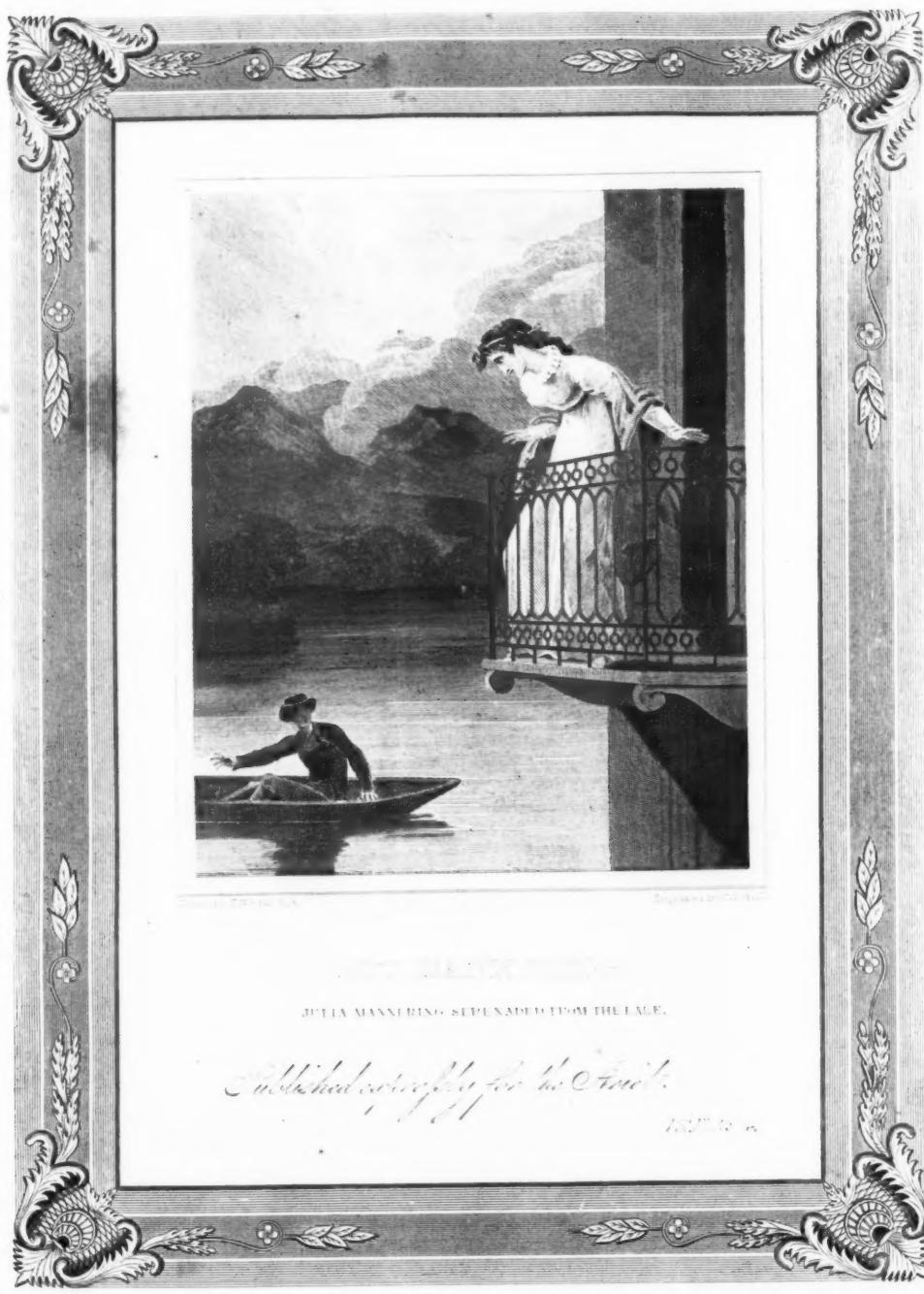
ART OF FLYING.—A person in England, who says he has after two years of labor and experiments, succeeded in constructing a machine for flying, "far exceeding in the requisite qualities of strength and lightness, any thing produced by nature," advertises his willingness from circumstances of personal nature, to dispose of one fourth of his interest in the invention for the sum of £1500.

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JULIA MANNING SEPARATED FROM THE LAKE.

Published originally for the Author.

1837. 10. 10.